# The True Northerner.

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### FLEETING JOYS.

Time goes in for funny freaks,
Man's a toy he likes to play with;
Notice how he lines our cheeks,
Mark what glee he makes us gray with,
Pleasure comes to soothe our hearts;
Often, like the rose, 'tis prickly;
Soon its radiance departs—
Happy moments vanish quickly!

Supposing you, by fate's decree,
Love a girl and long to greet her,
Don't the minutes seem to be
Leaden-winged until you meet her?
When the hour arrives at last,
And all care away you banish,
Then the tyrant travels fast—
Happy moments quickly vanish!

Here upon this earthly ball
Joy awhile will make us gayer,
But when sorrow gives a call
Oftentimes she proves a "stayer."
Hope, thou swiftly glidest on—
Fragrant are the flowers thou pickest
Soon, alas, their bloom is gone—
Happy moments fly the quickest!

Never mind, we needn't groan;
Tear-drops, showerlike, refresh us;
After all, we're bound to own
Joy is like a sweetheart—precious,
Cast away regrets and sighs,
Though our cares beset us thickly,
Happy moments let us prize,
Even though they vanish quickly!

—*London Fun.*

## BY A LEAP.

### CHAPTER I.

"TRUE OF HEART."

A small, old-fashioned cottage where a woman sits working in the porch.

A tiny cottage, in a garden stocked only with fruit and vegetables, save for the hardy creepers clinging to the porch. But then their blossoms gleam as white and pure as any rare exotics, and the dark leaves move softly in the fairy light, as the breeze nestles there, after its flight across the heath from that far line of brilliancy which, though but a ribbon's width, is the broad sea flashing in the sun. A slight, pale woman, wearing a widow's cap upon her smooth brown hair, but with such a look of love and longing on her face that she too has a beauty which it is good to look upon. Small and isolated as the cottage may be, it is a home of love and peace, and plain and quiet as the countrywoman looks, she has a wealth of warm affection in her heart.

As she sits there alone, Mary Sullivan is dreaming the old dreams which have cheered her ten years of widowhood—bright but never impossible dreams of the future of her only son—and she is glancing backward, too, over her own life, wondering a little, just a little, if many women of her age have seen no more of the world than she, who has not spent one night of all her life—nor ever wished to do so—beyond this village where her husband has been schoolmaster. Is it to be always so? A steadfast light comes into her eyes, and her quiet lips break into a smile, made beautiful by proud and loving trust—"That shall be left to Davy," she says, uttering softly the one name which now means all the world to her. "His choice will be my choice."

From the porch were Mary sits she can catch a glimpse, through the trees, of the road along which the stage-coach daily passes. This spot she is watching eagerly, and when the four horses come within sight at last, she drops her knitting and rises. Nervously drawing her hand across her strained, glad eyes, she turns and enters the cottage, as if she dare not wait those few minutes which will bring the coach into sight again close to the garden gate.

Tea is laid for two in the pleasant little kitchen, and the table—though it bears upon its snowy cloth no luxuries beyond home-made cakes and fresh-laid eggs—has quite a festive look. The mother stands and gazes round her with a smile. Is there nothing more she can bring for Davy? Her hands are clasped together, and her breath is quickening, for she knows that any moment now her boy may rush in, past that line of sunshine at the open door. But she does not know how intently she is listening for his footsteps upon the gravel, nor how her face brightens when he comes in at last.

"Mother!"

"Oh, Davy, Davy!"

The greeting bursts from the hearts of both, in that first moment; then the boy's lips are clinging to his mother's, and her arms hold him in that *entire* love which a widowed mother so often lavishes upon an only son.

The meal, which she has prepared with loving hands, is over; and the mother and her boy sit together in their favorite corner of the porch, while the sun sets far away across the sea.

"Four whole weeks of idleness, and of home and you, mother," David says. "It seems too good to be true."

"But you like school, Davy?" Mrs. Sullivan asks wistfully. "You are happy there?"

"Happy? oh, yes; and getting on capitally. Of course I try to do that, mother, as grandfather urged it so when he condescended to put me in this school. Perhaps he will help me a little even when the five years are over. I will soon rise, if he gives me a start, after this promised school term."

"And if he does not, this education is a great help, Davy. You will be 17 when you leave the college, and clever, and able to do anything."

"Anything—everything, mother," asserts the boy, softly drawing her arm about his neck. "I shall be a man, and you shall never want anything again. You shall have a large house and garden, and I shall come home to you every evening from my office—where I shall earn the money, you know. It must be near London, because men don't get rich except in London, I expect. Should you like it, mother?"

"You have made up your mind to be rich, Davy!"

"Only," the boy answers, his eyes upon his mother's face, "only just rich enough to make you comfortable and happy, mother; that you may never have to work—as you work now, or deny yourself—as you deny yourself now. You have so little, mother, to make your life easy and bright."

"Little!" she cries throug her happy tears. "Little! when I have you, Davy?"

"We both have all we need, dear mother," the boy says, laying his curly head upon her shoulder. "I would not change homes with the richest boy in all our college (though *he* would laugh at the notion); but still, I mean to give you more. I am making the most of my time."

"What do the masters say of you, Davy?"

"That I am the best arithmetician in the school," the boy says, laughing; "and best (for my age) in one or two other things. But, mother, I beat every fellow—older or younger—hollow at gymnastics."

"What are they?" asks Mary, wondering. But though David explains at length, her idea of the science is only a little less vague when he finishes than it had been when he began.

"We have a splendid gymnasium at school, and you should see me. There's not a fellow who can come anywhere near me. And I have a prize to show you, mother—not for that," he adds, with a laugh at her surprise, "but for accounts. I won it to please grandfather, because, after all, he was very good to put me to school, though he will not personally notice either of us. It is almost like giving me a fortune, isn't it? and therefore better than if he asked me to his house, although that would show he had forgiven my father for—settling here."

"Almost a fortune—yes," she answers, gravely stroking his brown curls. "But try to think less of being rich than of being good and true-hearted, my own child."

"I do, mother," he says earnestly, "only I talk more of the one. And when I think things over, mother, I feel sure that a man's occupation need make no difference. My father had nothing harder to battle with than the ignorance of a lot of boys who, after all, loved him, and tried to please him; but I may be just as good a man battling with the world—which seems so far from us, and so unreal to us yet—as he was in this dear little quiet nook. Don't you feel this, mother?"

Yes, she feels it. Small as her knowledge is, she knows of One who walked unspotted through the world; and poor as she may be, she is rich in her great trust in Him.

The sunset light is dying now, and the mother and son sit watching it, in a silence which is sweet with love and sympathy—and when those, fair, pink clouds fade and vanish from above the sea, they rise and go into the cottage together.

### CHAPTER II.

"FOR HER DEAR SAKE."

The first vacation of David's has passed like a dream to his mother, and now that the last day has arrived, she feels as if only a week had sped, though she had so regretfully and hungrily counted (each morning and each night) both the days that have been spent and spent and those that are to come.

Another long absence follows; another bright home-coming (in the frosty Christmas darkness now); another absence; and so on, and on, and on, until David comes home from school for the last time of all.

He meets his mother just within the porch, where the flowers bloom that summer as they have bloomed through every summer of his life, and he has no cloud upon his face. But, later on, his mother's anxious question is answered a little sadly.

"Yes, mother; I heard from the lawyer yesterday. Grandfather's will does not mention either of us. He has given me all the help he meant to give. Well, he has been very good, and now I am ready to make my own start in the world. But I must go at once. One delicious day with you here, then for London! Don't look so sad, my mother; this shall not be a long separation; not even so long as the old school terms, for I will soon come back to fetch you."

So after this one day he goes, laughing over his scanty purse, because his hands are strong, he says, and his fortune, hope and courage. But when he looks back, it is only through a mist of tears that he can see the little cottage where he leaves his mother in her loneliness.

After David's departure the days pass for Mrs. Sullivan just as the old school-days have done, except that now she has a daily excitement in his letters. Never can she settle to anything until the postman has come up the garden path, and given into her trembling hand the letter David never fails to send; the letter (full of love and bravery and hope) which does his mother's heart such good.

At last one letter comes in which he tells her he has found employment in an accountant's office; employment which is very easy to him, and which he likes, though the salary he is to receive is smaller than he had anticipated when he so hopefully began his search.

"But I will work so well," he writes, "that the firm will raise my salary soon, and *then* I will come for you. Ah! mother, I can indeed work hard and long and steadily for that good end."

So, in the cottage, Mary works hard too, confident in the realization of his plan, and living with him, through her long day-dreams, in a London which exists in her imagination only—a wide, calm city where all the young men have David's face and David's nature, and guide skillfully the machinery of the world.

But the time goes on, and David only earns what he has earned at first. "And so," he writes, a little sadly now, "the home with you is still out of my reach, for poverty here, mother, would be to you a hundred times worse than poverty at home."

When he has been absent for a year he comes home to spend his birthday with his mother: a summer day which they have spent together for all the eighteen years of David's life. Then he goes back to his work, still hopeful of the rise which his earnest and untiring servitude is to win.

Six months pass, and then, one Sunday night, David walks unexpectedly into the cottage kitchen, where his mother sits beside the fire, softly singing to herself a hymn which she has heard in church that day. When she starts up—her face, in that moment of surprise, white as death—David sees how little able she is to bear any shock where he is concerned. But her delight, one minute afterward, makes up for all, and that Sunday night is one which both will love to remember.

"Can you not stay one day?" the mother pleads. "Must you really go back to-morrow, Davy?"

"To-day you mean, mother. Look, we have chatted till after midnight, already. Never mind, we have four whole hours more, thanks to the new railway. Don't go to bed, mother; I cannot spare you for that time."

She has never thought of leaving him; so beside the cheerful fire they sit and talk; first of the lives which they have separately led, and then of that life which they are presently to lead together—for David has come home on purpose to bring joyful tidings. The long-talked of home will be ready soon, for he is earning a high salary now, and all the old bright plans are to be carried out.

"But, Davy," Mrs. Sullivan says, when she rises to at last to prepare the early breakfast, "how *very* hard you must be working only to be spared for one day, after a whole twelve months of service!"

"I could have had one holiday between," he answers, "but I would not take it. It was wiser not, mother, as this is an expensive journey, even now that we have the railway."

"And you have been sending *me* your money, David."

"But I am earning so much now," the young man says, with a bright excitement in his eyes.

"And are you happy, David?"

"Very happy, mother—thinking how soon everything will be as I planned it long ago."

"But for yourself alone, are you happy, dear?" she asks wistfully.

"I!" Oh yes, mother, quite happy."

Another good-by—"But the last," David says, as again and again he kisses his mother's shaking lips.

### CHAPTER III.

"AH, POOR HUMANITY!"

David had said that he would spend his birthday at home—that June day which has always been the one holiday of the year to the widowed mother—but on the morning before arrives a letter which tells her that he is obliged to delay his coming. London is very full, he says, and he is very busy; so he cannot get that day's holiday.

In every line of this letter the mother can read his disappointment, as well as the sorrow it gives him to disappoint her; and tears come and blot out the loving words, as well as the proud descriptions of the home which is all ready for her now, out in one of the pleasant northern suburbs. They blot out even that simple request at the end—"Think of me more than ever to-morrow, mother, and pray for me just at nightfall; at that very hour when we have been used to sit together in the porch on other happy birthday nights."

There is the present of money which most letters bring her now, and it is while she holds this money in her hand that she forms a sudden resolution, which comes to her at that moment as so *natural* a one that she wonders where it has been hidden before.

She is on her way from the village postoffice when the plan suggests itself, and when she reaches home (her steps quicken in the new excitement) she sits down in her old seat on the porch and makes it all clear to herself. David is working very hard, and is to be lonely on his birthday. How can she better use his gift to her than by giving him a pleasure he cannot expect, and so prevent his being solitary on that day which they have never yet spent apart? As he cannot come to *her*, she will go to *him*. Ah! how his face will brighten when he sees his mother come in! How he will start up with outstretched arms to clasp her! That moment will repay her for any trouble she may have in reaching him.

When once the resolution is formed it holds her tenaciously, and she begins her preparattions at once, glad and excited as a child. She packs her basket, putting in a chicken and butter and eggs and cream, because David has said that he never enjoys these things in London as he does at home; and she smiles as she ties a dainty white cloth over them all; for she is picturing her boy's delight when he shall unpack these luxuries which she has brought him from his own village. All that night she lies awake, yet rises brisk and active, almost wondering if she can be the Mary Sullivan who has never entered a railway carriage in her life—he, a traveler, starting alone to a far-off city of which which she knows nothing.

Taking her basket on her arm, she walks to the Rectory to leave the key of her cottage with her clergyman, and to obtain from him instructions for her journey. He gives them clearly and circumstantially; and, walking with her to the station, sees her off, with the precious basket in her care and that look of steadfast happiness in her eyes.

It is a long journey, but the anticipation of David's delight at seeing her shortens and beautifies the way, so that she starts with surprise when a fellow-passenger tells her she is at Paddington. Timidly she stands back from the crowd, holding her basket tight upon her arm, and watching the passers-by with wistful, patient eyes. What a great place this station is! and every one so busy and engrossed!

"If you please, I want to reach Farringdon street. Would you kindly tell me what to do?"—she has at last accosted a porter, as he passes with a hamper on his shoulder.

"Cross to Metropolitan."

Cross to Metropolitan! The words are foreign words to her. What can they mean? Is there a river then between her and David?

Another porter, coming slowly up as the crowd disperses, sees the puzzled look upon the woman's face, and how she shrinks apart in her neat country dress, and holds her basket with such care and pride.

"Where do you want to go?" he enquires kindly.

"To Farringdon street. I am to cross something, but I could not understand. I'm sorry to be so troublesome."

"You'd far better have a cab," the man says, in a tone of involuntary kindliness. "Do you mind the expense?"

"I have six shillings in change," she answers, looking gratefully into his face. "Will that do?"

"Half of it."

He takes her to one of the waiting cabs and makes a bargain with the man in her presence; then he closes the door upon her and smiles as she drives away.

And this is London—this line of steeets, and crowd of people, and deafening sound of wheels! Poor Davy! How he must long for the quiet, shady lanes and the fresh breeze coming inland from the sea!

The cab stops, and Mary Sullivan stands with beating heart at the door of a tall, narrow house in Farringdon street and rings the bell faintly. She waits what she thinks a long, long time before a young woman appears in answer to her modest summons.

"Will you tell me, if you please, in which room I shall find my son?"

"What's your son's name?" the girl asks, with a long stare.

"David Sullivan."

"Oh, Mr. Sullivan," she says, a little more pleasantly. "He's out. Would you like to step into the passage and rest!"

"Thank you," David's mother says, gently, as she meets this unlooked-for blow, "I would much rather go to him."

"I don't know where he is, though. He's nearly always out. He's at an office all day. Then he's forever going out into the country somewhere north, where he's got a house he's been furnishing. I don't know where else he goes, but he's always away at night."

"He will be at—that house you speak of, I suppose?" questions Mary, her voice trembling in in its eagerness as her thoughts dwell on this home which David has been preparing for her. "I wish you could tell me where it is."

"But I don't know," the girl answers, more shortly, "and I should think you'd better stay here till he comes back."

"I would rather go to him. Do you think any one in the house could kindly tell me where he is?"

A young foreigner is coming down the stairs as Mary speaks, and she looks shyly and wistfully at him. So the girl asks the question: Does he happen to know where Mr. Sullivan is?

"Monsieur Sulli—Sullivan?" the young man questions, laughing a little as he glances into the face of the country-bred, yet delicate-looking woman who stands holding her basket so closely to her side. "Yes, I know; why?"

"I am his mother," Mary says, her voice bright with pride.

"Had you better not wait here until he comes?"

"I would far rather go to him, if you would help me."

"You are quite sure?" he asks again, with the laughing glance.

"Quite sure, sir."

"Then I will direct you, for I am going that way myself. You had better, at any rate, leave your basket here."

So she gives it to the young woman, with a shy request that it may be taken care of, then follows her guide out into the street. It seems to Mary that they have walked for miles down noisy and bewildering streets, when they turn and enter a wide and open doorway. With a sign to his companion to follow, the stranger walks on along a carpeted passage, only pausing a moment to speak to a man who is standing there, just as if he might be waiting for them. Mary followed her guide on and on, wondering how this lighted way could lead to any home which David had chosen for her.

Yet all the while her heart is fluttering joyfully, because the meeting *must* be now so near. Once more the stranger stops to speak to some one who stands at an inner door, then he leads her through it, on amid a crowd of seated figures.

"If you sit here," he says, with a smile, pointing down to a vacant seat which they have reached, "you will soon see your son. Watch the wide entrance opposite you there, and you will see him in a few minutes."

Mary thanks him with a simple earnestness, and takes the seat and waits; her eyes fixed, with a smile of expectation in them, upon the opening opposite.

What a gay, grand place this is, with lights like suns and stars upon the ceiling, so far up, so very, very far up! Why, the church at home is not nearly so high as this room. But why is it lighted yet? The June sunshine is lying brightly now upon the sea at home, and it must be light as day in the cottage rooms. What thousands of faces are gathered here—all looking one way, too, all looking at that door which she has been bidden to watch. Are they waiting for David, too.

Suddenly a band begins to play; and—puzzled more and more—Mary turns her eyes from the spot she is watching so intently. David has never told her about this music, and these lights, and this great lofty room, and the watching crowd. What does it mean? And why is Davy coming here?

A prompt, tumultuous sound of clapping in the crowd; and Mary turns her puzzled eyes back again to the doorway she had been bidden to watch. No one is there, save the few idle figures which have stood there all the time. But now, in the cleared space in the center of the building, a man (who must have passed through while she was gazing at the band, and whose face is turned from her) is climbing a single rope suspended from the roof.

Wonderingly, Mary watches the light and active figure—tightly clad in white and crimson—springing upward with the speed and the agility of a squirrel. Why should he do this daring, foolish thing? Is a man's life so valueless that he should risk it thus to provoke a moment's passing wonder? Is death so trivial a thing that he should brave it recklessly thus, to win a moment's applause? Ah! to think of *this* man's life and then of Davy's!

Another minute, and the man she watches springs to a double rope which hangs from the lofty ceiling, and, sitting there at ease, looks down upon the crowd. Then Mary's eyes look full into his face.

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It is a special performance at the circus on this June night, being the farewell of the famous gymnast Monsieur Sulli, who, after his brief and brilliant career, is retiring from the profession in which he shines without a rival, intending to settle down—so it is rumored, ironically and discontentedly—to office work with an accountant, and to live in a small house out in a north suburb, with an old mother from the country. So ridiculous, in the very zenith of his fame.

On this farewell night he is to perform (for the last time) his greatest feat—a feat which no one but himself has ever attempted. From the flying trapeze where he now stands, swinging himself carelessly to and fro, he will spring to a stationary one forty feet distant; and, passing through this, will catch it by one foot only, and hang suspended so, one hundred feet above the arena.

A dangerous exploit, of course; but performed with wondrous nerve and skill. Surely it will be a pity if, having made his reputation, Monsieur Sulli shall still persist in his determination to retire from the ring.

A grand success? The shout of applause, which shakes the great building from floor to ceiling, testifies to this beyond a question. Decidedly a grand success! Though in one seat among the crowd a solitary woman, who is a stranger there, sits, white, and still, and dead.—*Belgravia.*

### Not a Poor Man's Land.

A private letter from a citizen of Solano county, California, to a friend in Illinois, contains the following: "You ask me about the propriety of laboring men moving to California. As a common-place remark, I will say that it is a great big country—lots of territory—the choice pieces of which are in the hands of farmers or speculators. As a result, farming does not pay at the present time. It is almost wholly a cereal country, and the raising of wheat does not pay. Millions of bushels are on hand now, for which there is no market. We grow plenty of fruit, but that is perishable and can't be exported. Laborers' wages here on farms range from $30 to $40 per month, with board; but a man must be a skilled teamster or plowman to command $40. They plow with gangs—three or four plows fastened together—using six or eight horses in the team. One who can manage one of these teams can command $30 and $40 per month. Common hands, owing to the Chinese, who are very apt at all light work where no animals are to be handled, can only realize $20 to $25 per month. I would not advise any poor man at the East to leave $20 or $25 per month to come to California. We are situated thus: The Greeks, Italians, Portuguese and Chinese do our fishing, the Portuguese and Chinese our gardening, Irish girls and Chinese our housework and washing, the Mexicans our shepherding, the Jews our storekeeping, the Grangers our big farming, and the Americans our railroading, boating, speculating, banking, etc., and, together with the Irish, talk politics and hold the offices."

### Pacific Coast Ship-Building.

Ship-building is going on with unabated activity on the Pacific coast, quite a number being already on the stocks. In 1875 a fleet of sixty vessels was launched aggregating 9,070 tons. The great majority of those already out are engaged in trade with Mexico, Central America, the Pacific islands, the fisheries and domestic Pacific ports. The more important features are the speed, strength and endurance shown by nearly all the vessels built on this coast.

### Pith and Point.

THE Boston *Herald* printed an item about a "bold sneak thief."

IT is now supposed that Abrsham was the original base ball player, as the Scriptures say that he pitched in the wilderness.

"WHERE is the east?" inquired a tutor one day of a very little pupil. "Where the morning comes from," was the prompt and pleasant answer.

WHEN a cannibal gormand goes to a native restaurant for a dish of missionary, he uses the words of an old hymn and calls for "Servant of God—well done."

HAMID the cares of state, the new Sultan of Turkey should not forget that it is to scissors and rum he owes his exaltation; he must Abdul perceptions if he doesn't.—*Chicago Times.*

"DOES our constant chatter disturb you?" asked one of three talkative ladies of a sober-looking fellow-passenger. "No, ma'am; I've been married nigh on to thirty years," was the reply.

A SCIENTIFIC writer says every infant can say "no" several months before it can say "yes." An old bachelor who has been rejected seventeen times says this habit of saying "no" before she can say "yes" clings to the female infant until after she becomes 27 years old.

A YOUNG gentleman, after having for some time paid his addresses to a lady, popped the question. The lady, in a frightened manner, said: "You scare me, sir." The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained silent for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again."

THE following was copied literally from an old tombstone in Scotland:

"Here lies the body of Alexander M'Pherson,
Who was a very extraordinary person,
Who was two yards in his stocking feet,
And kept his accoutrements clean and neat.
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo,
Plump through
The gullet; it went in at his throat,
And came out at the back of his coat."

A COUNTY treasurer in Ohio named Krustt is "short" in his accounts, and his friends doughn't know where he is. He was always considered a pie-ous man, too.—*Norristown Herald.* He's probably just taking a loaf round, and will be back when he is kneaded. Possibly he's taken a yeasterly direction.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A TAILOR and his son were in the olden days doing a day's work at a farm-house. The prudent housewife, to secure a good day's work, lighted candles when daylight began to fade. The tailor looked to his son and said, "Jock, confound them that invented workin' by candle-licht." "Ay," replied young snip, "or daylicht, either, father."

AT a brilliant church wedding some of the ushers showed some very worthy but socially obscure people into good seats in the middle aisle. As soon as he discovered it the sexton hastened to the usher and exclaimed: "Did you give the——'s that seat?" "Yes." "What on earth did you do that for? Did you not know that they were only *side-aisle* trash?"—*Boston Journal.*

THE other morning a hungry-looking man was bothering the melon dealers at the City Hall Market to find him a five-cent melon. One of the dealers became annoyed at the stranger's persistency and called out: "Why don't you invest fifteen or twenty cents in a nice melon and take it home?" "I will at once tell you why I don't," was the soft reply. "I should kinder hate to take a melon home and sit down and eat up all before my wife and children. Seems to me it would be kinder hoggish not to give them all a piece around, and so I will buy one and eat it here." "And I hope the seeds will choke you!" shouted the dealer. "But they won't. I am always very careful to spit 'em out!"—*Free Press.*

### The Issue and Retirement of Greenbacks.

The statement given below shows the issue and retirement of national bank notes and legal-tender notes under the act of June 20, 1874, and Jan. 14, 1875, to the 1st of this month:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| National bank notes outstanding when act of June 20, 1874, was passed..... | | $349,894,122 |
| National bank notes issued from June 20, 1874, to Jan. 14, 1875..... | $ 4,734,509 | |
| National bank notes redeemed and retired between same dates..... | 2,767,232 | |
| Increase from June 20, 1874, to Jan. 14, 1875..... | | 1,967,268 |
| National bank notes outstanding Jan. 14, 1875.... | | $351,861,390 |
| National bank notes redeemed and retired from Jan. 14, 1875, to date..... | $37,345,513 | |
| National bank notes surrendered between same dates. | 6,316,290 | |
| Total redeemed and surrendered..... | $43,661,803 | |
| National bank notes issued between same dates..... | 15 886,065 | |
| Decrease from Jan. 14, 1875, to date..... | | 28,025,738 |
| National bank notes outstanding at date..... | | $323,838,712 |
| Greenbacks on deposit in the treasury June 20, 1874, to retire notes of insolvent and liquidating banks .... | | 4,813,676 |
| Greenbacks deposited from June 20, 1874, to date, to retire national bank notes..... | | 58,914,090 |
| Total deposits ..... | | $ 63,727,771 |
| Circulation redeemed by Treasurer between same dates without reissue.... | | 46,312,746 |
| Greenbacks on deposit at date..... | | $ 22,415,026 |
| Greenbacks retired under act of Jan. 14, 1875..... | | $ 12,665,296 |
| Greenbacks outstanding at date..... | | 269,341,604 |

### Dividing California.

Another State is talked of. It is proposed that California shall be cut in two along the line of Santa Cruz county, with fourteen southern counties for a new commonwealth, which will have about 150,000 inhabitants, 30,000 voters, and taxable property estimated at $100,000,000.